Hast. So prosper I, as *I* sweare perfect loue,
Riu. And I, as *I* loue Hastings with my heart.
Kin. Madam, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly:
Qu. Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And so sweare *I* my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where *I* expect most loue,
When *I* haue most neede to imploy a friend,
And most Assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When *I* am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloceſter.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if *I* vnwittingly or in n
Haue ought committed that is hardly
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
First *Madame*, I intreat peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutiou
Of you my noble cousen Buckingham
If euer any gruge were lod'gd between
Of you Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray
That all without desert haue frownd on
Dukes, Earles, Lordes, gentlemen, in d
I do not know that English man a liue,
With whom my soule is any iotte at od
More then the infant that is borne to ni
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept h
I would to God all strifes were well co
My soueraigne liege I do beseech you
To take our brother Clarence to your g
Glo. Why Madame, haue *I* offred lo
To be thus scorned in this royall presen
Who knowes not that the noble *Duke*
You do him iniurie to scorne his coarse
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? wh
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a worl
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset a
Dor. *I* my good Lord, and no one in
But his red colour hath forsooke his ch
Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was
Glo. But he (poore soule) by your firs
And that a winged Mercury did beare
Some tardie cripple bore the counterma
That came too lagge to see him buried
God graunt that some lesse noble, and l
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in
Deserue not worse then wretched Clar
And yet goe currant from suspition,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.